

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Iess. Past all expressing, it is very meete
 The Lord Bassanio live an upright life
 For having such a blessing in his Lady,
 He findes the ioyes of heaven here on earth,
 And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
 Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
 Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And Portia one: there must be something else
 Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
 Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Even such a husband
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Iess. Nay, but aske my opinion of that?
Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iess. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
 Then how som ere thou speakest among other things,
 I shall digest it?
Iess. Well, Ile set you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio heere?
Ant. Ready, to please your grace?
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
 A stonie adversary, an inhumane wretch,
 Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
 From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard
 Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
 His rigorous courser: but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
 Out of his enties reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and cal the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.
Du. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so, to
 That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
 To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought.
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remore more strange,
 Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
 Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeite, but
 But touch'd with humane gentleness and loue:
 Forgive a moytie of the principall;
 Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses,
 That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
 Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe,
 And plucke commiseration of his state
 From brasse bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,
 From stubborne Turkes, and Tarters neuer train'd

To offices of tender curtesie,
 We all expect a gentle answer Jew?
Jew. I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
 To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you denie it, let the danger light
 Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
 You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
 A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
 Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
 But say it is my humor: Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
 And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
 To haue it baid? What are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
 Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
 Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
 Must yeeld to such inexcusable shame,
 As to offend himselfe being offended:
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare Antonio, that I follow thus
 A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.
Jew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
 twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
 You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
 And bid the maine flood bite his vsual height,
 Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
 To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
 His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
 But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
 Let me haue iudgement, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats heere is fix.
Jew. If euerie Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates
 Were in fixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,
 I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Jew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
 You haue among you many a purchast slave,
 Which like your Asse, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
 Because you bought them: Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
 Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
 Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The

The slaves are ours. So do I answer you, as I should
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him shall not
 Is deere bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it, you say
 If you deny me; sic vpon your Law, it shall stand
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice: And on this
 I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it? Y.
Du. Vpon my power I may dismisst this Court,
 Vnlesse Bassanio a learned Doctor, shew vs
 Whom I haue sent for to determine this, shew vs
 Come heere to day.
Sal. My Lord, heere staves without wail.
 A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor, shew vs
 New come from Padua, and shew vs
Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio. What man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all, y.
 Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
 Meete for death, the weakest kinde of fruit,
 Drops earliest to the ground, and solemne I say
 You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio, vntill I
 Then to line still, and write mine Epitaph.
Enter Nerriissa.
Du. Came you from Padua from Bassanio?
Ner. From both.
 My Lord Bassanio greets your Grace, and shew vs
 Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but not mettal can,
 No, nor the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
 Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexcusable dogge,
 And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
 Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That soules of Animals insule themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy curish spirit
 Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
 Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
 And whilst thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
 Insus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
 Are Wolfish, bloody, steru'd, and rauenous.
Jew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond
 Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
 Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
 To endless ruine. I stand heere for Law.
Du. This Letter from Bassanio doth commend
 A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court,
 Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by.
 To know your answer, whether you'l admit him,
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go giue him courteous conduct to this place,
 Meane time the Court shall heare Bassanios Letter.
 Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your
 Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your mes-
 senger came, in louing visitation, was with me a young Do-
 ctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with
 the cause in Controuersie, betweene the Jew and Antonio
 the Merchant: we turn'd ouer many Bookes together: hee is
 furnished with my opinion, which bettered with his owne lear-
 ning, the greatest whereof I cannot enough commend, comes

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in
 my shed. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment
 to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so
 yong a body, with so old a head. I leane him to your graces
 acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
Enter Portia for Balthazar.
Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,
 And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
 Giue me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did my Lord: and was sent by him to
Du. You are welcome: take your place.
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the Court?
Por. I am enform'd thoroughly of the cause.
 Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Jew?
Du. Antonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylocke?
Jew. Shylocke is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the sure you follow,
 Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
 Cannot impugne you as you do proceed: I am asle of
 You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por. Do you confesse the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.
Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
 Vpon the place beneath: It is twice blest,
 It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne,
 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
 The attribute to awe and Maistie,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
 But mercy is about this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 It is an attribute to God himselfe;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
 When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Jew,
 Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render.
 The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke this much,
 To mitigate the iustice of thy plea,
 Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
 Must needs giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
 The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
 Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appeare
 That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
 Wrest once the Law to your authority,
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:
 'Twill be recorded for a President,
 And